ſequence, a ſenſe of their own weakneſs ſhould firſt make them feel the natural equality of man. Yet, how frequently have I indignantly heard ſervants imperiouſly called to put children to bed, and ſent away again and again, becauſe maſter or miſs hung about mamma, to ſtay a little longer. Thus made ſlaviſhly to attend the little idol, all thoſe moſt diſguſting humours were exhibited which characterize a ſpoiled child.

In ſhort, ſpeaking of the majority of mothers, they leave their children entirely to the care of ſervants; or, becauſe they are their children treat them as if they were little demi-gods, though I have always obſerved, that the women who thus idolize their children, ſeldom ſhew common humanity to ſervants, or feel the leaſt tenderneſs for any children but their own.

It is, however, theſe excluſive affections, and an individual manner of ſeeing things, produced by ignorance, which keep women for ever at a ſtand, with reſpect to improvement, and make many of them dedicate their lives to their children only to weaken their bodies and ſpoil their tempers, fruſtrating alſo any plan of education that a more rational

rational father may adopt; for unleſs a mother concurs, the father who reſtrains will ever be conſidered as a tyrant.

But, fulfilling the duties of a mother, a woman with a ſound conſtitution, may ſtill keep her perſon ſcrupulouſly neat, and aſſiſt to maintain her family, if neceſſary, or by reading and converſations with both ſexes, indiſcriminately, improve her mind. For nature has ſo wiſely ordered things, that did women ſuckle their children, they would preſerve their own health, and there would be ſuch an interval between the birth of each child, that we ſhould ſeldom ſee a houſeful of babes. And did they purſue a plan of conduct, and not waſte their time in following the faſhionable vagaries of dreſs, the management of their houſehold and children need not ſhut them out from literature, nor prevent their attaching themſelves to a ſcience, with that ſteady eye which ſtrengthens the mind, or practiſing one of the fine arts that cultivate the taſte.

But, viſiting to diſplay finery, card-playing, and balls, not to mention the idle buſtle of morning trifling, draw women from their duty to render them inſignificant, to render them pleaſing, according to the preſent acceptation